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in the region where it is found, compounded of numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eighteen hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religious sense of the elder world, in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius or a divinity by the side of every spring that gushed from the rocks, or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness, for a thoughtful man, who should resort, for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of these salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the outstretched, though invisible hand, of an *everywhere present and benignant* POWER.

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ART. IV. — *Life of G. D. Boardman.*

*Memoir of George Dana Boardman, late Missionary to Burmah.* Boston. 1834.

THE literature of Christian Missions already forms one of the most interesting and extensive chapters in the general literary history of our times. Not many years have elapsed, since the spirit of protestant missions came into being ; — and already that spirit has kindled the altars of true religion in almost every nation upon earth, and engaged in its operations hundreds of pious, heroic and gifted individuals, of whose travels and toil, of whose noble schemes and glorious achievements, and martyr-like endurance of every conceivable form of danger and pain, — of whose godly lives and happy deaths, the records form an extensive library ; — a library unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in thrilling incident, in memorable record, in magnanimity of purpose, in valuable lessons, in praiseworthy actions.

What a collection do we possess of missionary voyages and travels ; — travels that track the map of our earth from the icebergs of Greenland, to the torrid deserts of Africa ; — from the mountain-holds of our own aborigines, to the borders of China and Siam.

But, above all, what a host of biographies of holy men, and devout and heroic women, — who have labored and suffered

and perished, in extending the limits of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and who have left behind them that example, which the good in all coming ages shall love to admire and imitate, and that memory which is, in the language of Scripture, "blessed." Could these biographies be collected and published in a series, what an amount of the most valuable and spirit-stirring matter would thus be presented to the public! We hope that something like this may be done, so that succeeding times may not lose the influence arising from a familiarity with such works.

That this influence is very great, no one can doubt, who has himself read these biographies, or has had an opportunity of witnessing the effect produced upon others, by their perusal. The writer of this article well remembers the warm flood of feeling which bathed his youthful heart, in reading the *Memoirs of Henry Martyn*. Almost every missionary memoir refers the origin, or the full development, of the missionary spirit in its hero, to the reading of some other similar work. The pages of Boardman's biography are crowded with allusions to the spirit-stirring effect produced upon Boardman by the *Memoirs of Brainard*, and *Mills*, and *Martyn*, and *Chamberlain*, and others, their fellows in the heavenly work of evangelizing man.

It is impossible to peruse the written life of any man or woman, who has manifested great intellectual or great moral power, whether in a holy cause, or an unholy one, without a strong admiration and a deep sympathy, and a powerful impulse toward imitation. The soul is awakened, the active powers are roused, the contemplation of high achievement kindles emulation, and we are drawn towards the object of our admiration, like floating atoms on the stream towards the rush of the cataract. It would be well were the character of those leading minds, which thus draw after them the mass of mankind, always virtuous and noble. But, in the vast majority of instances, the leaders of mankind are individuals whose principles and motives the Christian must condemn, as hostile to the spirit of the gospel. More precious therefore, is the example of that pious few, who have devoted themselves "with pure hearts fervently," to the glory of God, and the good of man, and whose energy of purpose, and firmness of principle, and magnanimity in despising difficulty and danger and suffering and death, in the accomplishment of a noble end, rouse into active admiration all who contemplate their glorious career.

We hail with sincere pleasure the appearance of the biography of every such person, as the creation of one further instrument of advancing the Redeemer's kingdom among men. The life of the late Rev. George D. Boardman, is, on this account, welcomed from the press; and after having read its pages, we turn with ardent zeal to the duty of making its character and contents known to the literary community.

Boardman has but recently died: — He died young, in the midst of a most promising career in India, — He was an American; — a man of fine learning and talents; of rare moral qualities, and most zealous in the missionary enterprise. He is, therefore, entitled to our respectful consideration. The story of his life and labors will be found full of interest and instruction. Our readers will therefore follow us, we believe, with pleasure and profit through a sketch of his short but efficient career.

He was the son of a Baptist clergyman, who still lives, and was born in Livermore, Maine, February 8th, 1801. He was a feeble and studious boy, ardently devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, sometimes concealing his bodily illness in order to get to school, and always securing the esteem of his teachers, by his proficiency. At the age of twelve he had resolved on procuring that grand desideratum of New England youth, a liberal education, and apprehending, as well he might, that the narrow salary of his father would not be sufficient to pay the necessary expenses of such an education, he informed his mother that as soon as he came of age this should be his first object. His parents encouraged this noble spirit, and sent him to a preparatory academy in North-Yarmouth. While at that academy, an incident occurred, which illustrates both his uncommon ardor in the pursuit of learning, and his fine mental powers. He was put upon the study of the Latin grammar; through which he passed with a rapidity before unknown to his teacher. Having thus quickly conquered the grammar, he hoped to be immediately admitted to the use of his Lexicon. But he was told that he must first go over the grammar once or twice more. Disappointed, he returned to his seat. In an hour or two he was called up to recite, and repeated *verbatim et literatim*, sixteen pages of the grammar. His preceptor inquired if he had got more; he answered "yes," and on being asked "how much," replied, "I can recite the *whole book*, sir, if you wish!" Subsequently he manifested

an equal power in the study of mathematical science. At the age of sixteen, he became a teacher in a village school, and displayed extraordinary power as an instructor; reducing, as it seemed, almost without an effort, the most unruly and turbulent schools to perfect order and harmony. His acquaintance with human nature, and with the elements of control, at this early age, gave him almost creative power; — so that from the chaos of the most unmanageable schools he called forth a beautiful system and regularity. His countenance, by its power of expression, which was benignity tempered by severity, did much to control his pupils; and he used to say that he considered a pupil as almost hopeless, whom he could not *look* into good behaviour.

In May, 1819, at the age of eighteen years, he became a member of the collegiate institution, in the town of Waterville, Maine. While young Boardman was a member of this institution, early in 1820, it was, by a charter from the Legislature of Maine, constituted a college; at which time he was found, on examination, qualified for admission as a junior, or third year pupil. He is described, by the late president of that college, as being at this time a youth of sober habits, and of superior intellectual powers, but showing no strongly marked features of piety. He seemed to possess an unusual share of what Dr. Paley calls “the heroic character.” He was quick in his sensibilities, jealous of his fame, eager in his attachments, inflexible in his purpose. He was remarkable, too, for vigor, firmness and resolution, and for a kind of haughty independence which made him unwilling to be indebted to others for his opinion upon any subject.

During his collegiate course he became a pious man. We can readily imagine that the operation of religion upon a mind so constituted, would produce no ordinary result. The great elements of the natural man, when brought under the control of spiritual influence, the most powerful of all agencies by which the human mind is ever affected, would lose none of their efficiency; — while they would become consecrated to holy purposes. “His independence of mind,” says Dr. Chaplin, “continued; but the haughtiness connected with it, disappeared:” and so great were the promises of future eminence, in both learning and piety, apparent in his progress, that the good president, and other friends of Waterville, anticipated the time when the young scholar should preside over the college.

These anticipations, as to the department of his future labor, were destined to be disappointed ; — and, as the circumstances attending Boardman's religious conversion, and his determination respecting his mode of life and action, are peculiarly interesting, we will briefly narrate them.

The parents of Boardman were both pious ; and both, of course, labored to educate their son in the fear of the Lord. But, although a moral, a studious, and reflective boy, he never became thoroughly religious, until after his admission to Waterville. In that institution his thoughts were directed by a variety of circumstances, to a consideration of the vast and important topics of evangelical religion. His room-mate was a very pious, and most warm-hearted man. His class-mates all felt deeply interested in George's moral state. The officers of the college, likewise, did all in their power to elevate his thoughts and affections. In short, every external influence, by which a young man could be surrounded, was calculated to lead his mind heavenward. Under the operation of these causes, he was, by the Spirit of God, induced to consecrate himself, body, soul and spirit to religion, and in July, 1820, he made a public profession of his belief, and was baptized.

From this time forward he engaged with characteristic activity in every mode of religious operation, and his letters and journals of this and subsequent dates, exhibit the most elevated and glowing emotions. He seemed to move in a world of bright light, and of a pure glory ; — to anticipate something of that bliss which inspired the *Peri*, when she exclaimed —

“Go, wing your flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall,  
Go, count the pleasures of all the spheres  
And multiply each through endless years, —  
One moment of heaven exceeds them all !”

A mere psychologist, acquainted with the powers and capabilities of such a mind, and beholding the ardor of the religious zeal which animated it, would have watched with intense interest the result of his actions. But a real philanthropist would find, in such a soul, a study of far deeper and more engrossing anxiety ; — for he would know that its movements were destined to exercise a power of tremendous energy over the condition of mankind.

We have Boardman's own authority for saying, that soon after his conversion, his thoughts and feelings were turned towards Missionary subjects. "In the winter of 1820," he says, "the thought occurred to me that I could take my Bible and travel through new settlements, where the gospel was seldom, if ever, heard, and *without sustaining the name of a preacher*, could visit from hut to hut, and tell the story of Jesus's dying love. Then, in imagination, I could welcome fatigue, hunger, cold, nakedness, solitude, sickness and death, if I might only win a few cottages to my beloved Saviour."

Not long after this he began to meditate upon the condition of the Western Indians, and modestly considering himself unfit to preach among civilized Christians, he rejoiced at the thought of laboring, and at last finding a grave, in the forest.

In 1822 his mind was directed, by the death of Rev. Mr. Colman, to the Mission in Burmah; and his soul was stirred within him by the reflection, that millions and millions were every year perishing in that devoted land without the slightest knowledge of the gospel. It is consoling to those who mourn for the dead who die in the midst of their labors, to know that the event for which they grieve does often, as in this event of Colman's death, prove the actual cause of future additions to the missionary band. Colman sailed from Boston for India in November, 1817, and was actively engaged as a missionary in Aracan, when death suddenly cut him down, in 1822. The voice from his grave crossed the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic, and fell upon the ear of one pious student in the heart of the forests of Maine,—and that student responded to its call, and resolved in his soul that, God helping him, he would do something for destitute India.

In February, 1823, the thoughts of Mr. Boardman were for a while most deeply interested in the condition of the Jews,—God's ancient people, who remain to this day a sad but wonderful illustration of prophetic truth. "My mind," says he, in a letter to his parents, "has been much occupied about the Jews, as it appears from several parts of the prophetic scriptures, that they are to be eminently active and useful in spreading the Gospel among the nations. I have sometimes thought of becoming a missionary to them. I feel comparatively but little anxiety to what part of the world I am sent, if God calls me there. It is of but little consequence where I live, or where I die. Life is so short, when protracted to the longest, that the difference is

comparatively small, whether we live at ease, or are compelled to toil in poverty, and live without a settled habitation."

His social nature was full of warm affections and tender sentiments. His love of friends and home was an intense passion; but even his dearest friends could be resolutely abandoned, his strongest passion controlled, for the sake of accomplishing his grand design. He remembered, and felt, and acted upon the Saviour's words, — "he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." In the letter just above quoted, he remarks, that his *choice*, (meaning, probably, that preference which looks aside from duty,) would be "to live in the embraces" of his friends, especially of parents, and brothers and sisters, and finally to die in their presence. "But," adds he, "when I take duty and eternity into the account, all these things, so desirable in themselves, appear comparatively small. Eternity will be just as long, and heaven just as sweet, if I die on a desolate island, or on some heathen shore, as though I should die at home, in the midst of my weeping relations. And as for a resting-place for my body, when I shall lay it aside, my bones can rest, — my ashes sleep, as securely in *Burmah* as in *America*, — on a desolate, unfrequented island, as in a christian church-yard. Why should I fear to lay me down in *Burmah*? I shall hear the voice of the archangel, and arise from the grave as soon as though buried in the sepulchre of my fathers. If not deceived, I am willing to spend my days, and to breathe out my life, where duty shall call; whether in *America*, or in some heathen land; among the relics of departed saints, or by the side of *Juggernaut*."

On graduating at Waterville, Mr. Boardman had resolved to enter into the missionary labor. But he was immediately appointed a tutor in that college, and most strenuously urged by all his own friends, and by all the friends of the college, to remain in his new relation. The struggle which then arose in his mind was great. He was impelled in one direction by his religious zeal, and by his favorite scheme of usefulness, — while every one else was urging him in another. He reluctantly yielded to importunity, as, probably, most young men of twenty-one years old would have done, from diffidence of their own judgment, — but he did so with the avowed purpose to remain a tutor but a short time. "I now calculate," said he to a fellow student, "*on a year of misery. My whole soul is engrossed*



with the state of the heathen, and I desire to go among them : but I have engaged for a year, and I must remain !”

That year at length elapsed ; — he was free from his engagement ; — and he hastened to offer his services to the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, — and was at once accepted as a missionary.

The parting scene between Mr. Boardman and his religious friends at Waterville was exceedingly touching. In the corner room, on the third floor of the south college edifice, — from which may be seen the broad surface of the Kennebec, — the green fields on the opposite side, — the president’s house, and part of the village ; the room which he had occupied for several years, — there, surrounded by his christian brethren, who were members of the college, stood Boardman, about to give the parting hand, and to say the last farewell. He stood by the window for a few moments, as if to survey, for the last time, the objects on which he had so often gazed. After he had lingered for a moment, to view each long familiar object without, he turned away from the window, and cast his eye around upon his beloved companions, who stood in silence, forming a circle quite round the room. All was still. The eye of Boardman alone was undimmed by a tear. In a tender and yet unflinching tone, he addressed a few words to his brethren : — “ My dear brethren, serve your Saviour unceasingly, and faithfully until death, — and if it may not be your duty to be missionaries abroad, be missionaries at home !” We all knelt down in prayer together for the last time. On arising, Boardman passed round the room, and gave to each the parting hand. His countenance was serene, — his mild blue eye beamed with heaven-like benignity, and though there was in his manner a tenderness which shewed he had a heart to feel, yet there was no visible emotion, till he came to his room-mate. As he took *him* by the hand, his whole frame became convulsed, — his tongue faltered, — his eye instantly filled, and the tears fell fast, as if all the tender feelings of his spirit, till now imprisoned, had at this moment broken forth : he wept, he faltered “ farewell,” and then, smiling through his tears, said, as he left the room, “ we shall meet again in heaven !” Such is the account, as given by one who was present on that affecting occasion.

In offering his services to the Missionary Board, Mr. Boardman had signified his willingness to be sent wherever they

would be most valuable. To his delight, however, Burmah was assigned to him as his field of future labor.

He expected to sail within a short time after his appointment, in the same ship which carried back to India the justly celebrated and admired Mrs. Judson. In this expectation he visited, and took leave of, his relatives in Maine. He found his pious parents willing to consecrate their much-loved son to the cause of missions, although their hearts almost broke with the pain of separation. This willingness is worthy of universal admiration and praise. If every man of elevated principles and noble feelings, is ready to regard with emotions of moral sublimity, the stern justice of that elder Brutus who subjected to the claims of violated law his offending sons, and without a tear pronounced their fatal sentence, — how much more will such a one reverence the magnanimity of those parents, who surrender their son to perpetual separation from their presence, to all the hardships and dangers of an almost savage land, to certain peril and pain, disease and early death, in the arduous labors of philanthropy ! If we stand awe-struck in the ideal presence of Agamemnon, as he binds his lovely daughter Iphigenia upon the altar of a false and bloody deity, to propitiate favor for his countrymen, — ought we not to bow reverently to *him* and to *her*, who are moved by love for a benevolent God, and love for their fellow-creatures, to surrender their son, bright with talents and virtues, rich in learning and the respect of all who knew him, but feeble and sickly in body, to the missionary labor, — whose certain and speedy end is death ?

Boardman describes his own feelings on this occasion as being of the most painful description. They were, however, premature. It was finally decided by the Board of Missions to send out Mr. and Mrs. Wade with Mrs. Judson, while Mr. Boardman should remain some time longer for the sake of preparation in America.

To make this preparation, he went, in June, 1823, to the Theological Seminary at Andover, where he entered with his usual zeal upon the study of Hebrew. While in this institution, he read with thrilling interest the lives of Henry Martyn, Samuel J. Mills, Obookiah, and others, whose devotion to the cause of religion awakened in his breast a sympathetic ardor. He also entered deeply into the spirit of that "*Society of Inquiry respecting Missions*," whose pious labors

have done so much to diffuse a knowledge of the Gospel through heathen lands, and a knowledge of the wants and woes of the heathen through the christian community. In the ample library of that society, he found every book that could facilitate his preparation, by making him familiar with the history, customs, manners and religions of pagan countries, with the extent, nature and results of missionary labors, and with the inner principles, the moving impulses, of missionaries themselves. Nor did he fail to make a faithful use of these advantages.

He remained, with occasional interruptions, at Andover, till the spring of 1825, when he was called upon to bid his friends a last farewell. We cannot properly estimate the heroism of his character, without a full knowledge of the feelings which agitated his bosom in contemplating this final earthly separation, and the strong current of natural affection against which he resolutely braced himself at the call of duty.

In his journal he thus writes. "What! must I bid adieu to my dear, very dear parents, brothers, and sisters and friends? Must I die before the time? For what is it less than death, to be separated from them, probably to see them no more on earth? But at length it occurred to me that it was Jesus, the dearest of all my friends, who called me to go; — then I said, *welcome separations and farewells; welcome tears and cries; welcome last sad embraces; welcome pangs and griefs, — only let me go where my Saviour calls, and goes himself; welcome toil, disappointments, fatigues and sorrows; welcome an early grave!*"

In a letter to his sister, he says, "that some may perhaps think him destitute of natural affection," but he adds, "they know not my heart, and are unacquainted with the struggles I have often felt. Be assured, my love to my friends was never warmer, my affection for them never stronger, than when I regarded them in the light of a speedy separation." "Had I not had an enlarged view of the greatness and importance of the work before me, I could not have endured the trial!"

In another letter, he expresses himself yet more forcibly. He says, "Think not, my sister, that I have lost all sensibility on the subject. Be assured, if tenderness of feeling, — if ardor of affection, — if attachment to friends, — to christian society and christian privileges, — if apprehension of toil and danger in a missionary life, — if an overwhelming sense of re-

sponsibility, — could detain me in America, I should never go to Burmah !” “ Since my appointment I have known seasons when the thoughts of parting from my friends seemed almost insupportable.” If ever man was, in the beautiful language of Paul, “ *constrained by the love of Christ,*” Boardman was thus “ *constrained.*”

But he was not to leave all his friends behind. One whom he most tenderly loved was ready and willing to unite her fortunes with his, and say to him, like Ruth to Naomi, — “ whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou abidest, will I abide ; thy people shall be my people ; and thy God my God ; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried !” Fortunately for the missionaries, and wisely for their employers, it has always been the policy of the Mission Board to prefer married men for their service ; correctly considering that such persons are most likely to become efficient, contented and permanent laborers. In pursuance of this judicious policy, and in accordance with his own choice, Mr. Boardman was married a short time before his embarkation for India. His wife was Sarah B. Hall, a young lady of Salem, of whom, as she still lives, it is enough to say that she was just such a person as Boardman needed for a companion in his holy and arduous enterprise ; possessing fine natural abilities, which were excellently educated, and which were directed and sanctified by an ardent piety. Like her husband she was zealously attached to the missionary cause, — and like him was ready to devote herself, body and soul, to its advancement.

That Mr. Boardman’s choice was a wise and proper one, we shall learn from his subsequent history.

On the sixteenth of July, 1825, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman embarked at Philadelphia, on board the ship *Asia*, for Calcutta. Their voyage was long, but not otherwise unpleasant, nor marked by any extraordinary occurrence. Mr. Boardman acted as chaplain of the ship, by preaching every sabbath, and attending public prayer every evening ; and at least *one* individual among the crew will always remember with delight the influence of these pious services. They landed at Calcutta on the second day of December, and were cordially welcomed by the English missionaries.

At this period Great Britain, or rather the East India Company, was involved in a war with Burmah, and hostilities were carried on with great fury. The chief ministers of

the Emperor were determined never to submit to the English, and although the British soldiers, under the able conduct of Sir Archibald Campbell, had again and again defeated the rude troops of the Burmese generals, and had captured several important cities, none of the ministers dared inform their imperial master of the actual condition of affairs. Such is Eastern allegiance ! We are assured by some of the missionaries, that although this whole war was one continued series of defeat, disgrace and loss to Burmah, the *royal chronicles* of that period describe it as one of continued and brilliant triumphs and victories, over an insolent but at last humiliated invader.

By this war the American Mission in Burmah was wholly broken up. Dr. Price and Mr. and Mrs. Judson were prisoners at Ava, while Mr. and Mrs. Wade had been driven from the empire, and compelled to seek shelter within British jurisdiction. It was, therefore, impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Boardman to proceed to their original destination. They resolved to take up their abode with Mr. Wade's family at Chitpore near Calcutta, and prosecute the study of the Burman language, until the close of the war, or the occurrence of some other event, which should open to them their proposed field of labor. Accordingly, they domesticated themselves in a little bamboo hut at Chitpore, — which was endeared to them by the fact that it had been previously occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Carey, and was now tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Colman.

The residence of Mr. Boardman in and near Calcutta, was prolonged through a period of twenty months, during which time, besides studying the language, he preached almost constantly to congregations of English residents, and English and American sailors, — visited the various schools and other institutions for educating and civilizing the natives, and, by communion with other missionaries of greater experience, prepared himself for his approaching labors.

On the 14th of April, 1826, Mr. Boardman announced to the Mission Board the termination of the war in Burmah, and the safety of the American missionaries. This last fact was the cause of unmingled joy through the whole christian world. Nearly two years an impenetrable cloud had hung over the fate of Messrs. Price and Judson, who were universally respected, and also of that heroic woman, Mrs. Judson, who had returned

from America to her husband in Ava, just before the war broke out. There was every reason, which could exist apart from actual certainty, to believe that they had fallen victims to the fury of the king. In the language of Professor Knowles, "Those who cherished the belief that the missionaries were alive, relied only on the power of that God who had so signally protected this Mission, and who, by an interposition almost as visibly miraculous as that which rescued Peter from his enemies, had recently preserved the missionaries at Rangoon, (Messrs. Wade and wife, and Hough and wife,) from instant, and apparently inevitable death."

Under such circumstances it is no wonder that the news "filled the heart" of Boardman "with joy and gratitude," nor that he spoke of this deliverance from death as "one of the most glorious displays of God's gracious Providence known in modern times." When Napoleon at the treaty of Campo Formio, made it his first demand, in giving terms to Austria, that Lafayette should be rescued from the dungeons of Olmutz, and restored to liberty and France, every generous heart in Europe and America was moved with gratitude for the young conqueror of Italy. So, in like manner, when Sir Archibald Campbell, prescribing the condition of peace to the Emperor of Burmah, within forty miles of his capital, required the safe delivery of the long-suffering Judsons and Price, all Christendom admired the generosity of his conduct, and felt that such an act was worth more to him and to England, than all the treasure or territory acquired by the war. Thousands and thousands of pious hearts, in every quarter of the globe, will long cherish the recollection of this noble deed.

It would be a pleasant task, were it proper, for us here to give our readers a full history of the sufferings through which the rescued missionaries had passed, and the whole of that glorious conduct which has made Mrs. Judson so dear to the lovers of female virtues and heroism; — but this is not the appropriate occasion for such a narrative, — and the story is already familiar to the American community.

Mr. Boardman would have proceeded at once after the establishment of peace, from Calcutta to some Burmese province, — had he not been urged by the English missionaries, and instructed by the American Board to remain awhile in the chaplaincy vacated by the death of Mr. Lawson, who preached in the Circular Board chapel in Calcutta. It was not until

March, 1827, that he and his family actually entered upon their original plan of operations as missionaries to Burmah.

In the month last mentioned he sailed from Calcutta for Amherst, the newly built capital of the territories recently ceded to England by the Burman emperor. This place had been surveyed and laid out, under the direction of Mr. Judson, by British engineers, and in an incredibly brief period, became a city of many thousand inhabitants. In India the building of a house requires but a few hours' labor, and the population fluctuates with strange facility from place to place. It is only necessary to make a clearing in the jungle, and erect barracks for a few soldiers, and, as water rushes at once into hollows scooped in the damp sea-sand, so do the swarming natives of India crowd by thousands into the clearing, and create a city. Amherst was built upon the banks of the Martaban, near its mouth, about twenty-five miles below the city of Maulmein, (whose growth was like that of Amherst,) and nearly seventy-five miles eastward of Rangoon.

On his arrival at Amherst, Mr. Boardman first met Mr. Judson. Mrs. Judson was now in her grave, and her afflicted husband seemed to be almost worn out with trouble and suffering. A few days after this, Mr. Judson was called to bury his only child, his "tender-hearted, affectionate, darling Maria," by the side of her mother. Mr. Boardman was obliged to make her coffin with his own hands!

It was soon determined, on consultation between Messrs. Wade, Judson, and Boardman, that two Mission establishments should be commenced, — one by Mr. W. in Amherst, another by Mr. B. in Maulmein, — between which Mr. J. was to divide his care.

In prosecution of this project, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman proceeded on the 28th of May, to Maulmein. Of that city he says, "the native population of M. is supposed to be 20,000. *One year ago it was all a thick jungle, without an inhabitant!*" On the evening of May 28th, Mr. B. makes the following entry in his Journal: — "Arrived at Maulmein. After nearly two years of wanderings, without any certain dwelling-place, we have to day become inhabitants of a little spot of earth, and have entered a house which we call our earthly home. None but those who have been in similar circumstances, can conceive the satisfaction we now enjoy." This sounds pleasantly, and seems to promise quiet, comfort and security ;

and perhaps the reader might be ready to fancy that after all a missionary's life was about as pleasant and easy as any other person's. We advise him to suspend his judgment, till he has examined somewhat more particularly into the facts in the case.

Looking further along the Journal we find recorded against June 25, the following startling piece of information : — "last night our house was robbed of nearly every valuable article it contained !" Is this one of the *comforts* of missionary life ? The robbery was committed by desperadoes from the opposite shore of the Martaban river. This river separates the British and Burmese territories ; on its western bank the deserted city of Martaban was the lurking-place of numerous hordes of robbers, who were continually crossing over at night for the sake of plunder, and who scrupled no more at murder than at robbery. On this occasion the plunderers, taking advantage of Mr. Boardman's solitary situation, broke into what was *called* his *house* ; — "a *house* of such frail materials," to use the words of Mrs. Boardman, "*that it could be cut open in any part with a pair of scissors* ;" they broke open and rifled every trunk, box and bureau, and carried off looking-glass, watch, spoons, and keys, in short every article of value they could find. Fortunately Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were not awakened by the noise of the marauders, and knew nothing of their loss till morning. Had their slumbers been broken, there can be no doubt that they would have been instantly murdered ; for there had been cut through the moscheto curtains of the bed two large holes, one at the foot, and the other at the head, through which the villains doubtless watched with murderous eye the faces of the sleepers.

After this robbery a guard of two sepoys was stationed in Mr. Boardman's house ; but, as it seemed, their presence was intended to reveal the existence of another species of that danger, by which Mr. and Mrs. B. were surrounded. As one of the guard was sitting in the verandah, a tiger, or some other furious beast, sprang suddenly upon him, and before help could arrive had scratched and wounded him considerably. The silence of midnight was almost constantly interrupted by the howling of wild beasts, so that our friends were daily obliged to shudder at the frail structure and flimsy protection of their abode. An incident related by Mrs. Wade during her recent visit to this country, was listened to with thrilling



interest by the writer of this article, and as it seems worthy of repetition, now that we are speaking of the dangers of a residence in India, — it may be here related.

In the rear of their bamboo hut was a small garden enclosed by a slight wicker fence, and surrounded by jungle. In this enclosure was erected a little summer-house or arbor, of scarcely firmer fabric than the wicker, and elevated a few feet above the ground. This room was occupied by Mr. Judson as a study, while the house was open for the reception of visitors, who might come to inquire about the new religion. Mr. Judson was engaged in translating the Bible, and Mr. and Mrs. Wade in teaching, and in distributing books. At the close of a day of toil, Mr. and Mrs. Wade retired to the study of Mr. Judson, for the purpose of spending a short time with him in conversation. As it grew dark they rose to return to the house. Mrs. Wade first stepped out of the summer-house, pausing on the steps to complete a sentence which she was uttering. A little dog that accompanied her ran out before his mistress towards the house. He had scarcely reached the gate when an enormous tiger leaped growling upon him from the jungle. The size of the spaniel saved him, for he slipped through the claws of the wild beast and ran yelping into the house. Robbed of his expected prey, the tiger, as though alarmed at finding himself encaged by the garden fence, walked rapidly around the area, snuffing the breeze and searching for an outlet. Mrs. Wade had retreated into the arbor, and through its frail texture the three friends now gazed upon their dangerous neighbor. As he approached them he seemed to become conscious of their vicinity, and he roused to fury by the smell of blood. At this moment a large mastiff, who was attracted by the yelping of the spaniel, came barking into the garden. Fatally for him, but fortunately for his owners, he was seen by the tiger, who in an instant, with a howl that resounded far through the stillness of evening, sprang upon the faithful creature, siezed him with the gripe of death, and sprang off with his prey into the jungle.

Occasionally moved to fear by incidents like these, Mrs. Boardman was ready to exclaim “oh for one little, *little* room, composed of such materials as would enable us and our babe to sleep in safety!”

At his house in Maulmein Mr. Boardman, who had now acquired a tolerable knowledge of the language, devoted his

time to the reception and instruction of those natives who were curious to learn the religion which he had come so far to teach. He was almost constantly surrounded by these inquirers. He also visited among the natives, declaring to all the story of salvation, and the doctrine of the Gospel. On Sunday, July 22, he and his wife alone sat down to celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper ; — and although far from all christian friends, they felt no ordinary degree of religious delight in performing that service. We have no doubt that, to a really pious man, the very circumstances of separation from Christians, and of being surrounded by the horrible rites and the unspeakable evils of paganism, would be productive of both benefit and comfort, by compelling him to look within himself, and to his relation with the great Father of all, for enjoyment ; and would thus elevate and spiritualize his thoughts and affections ; while the awful contrast, ever present to his eyes, between the loveliness of Christianity and the loathsomeness of idolatry, must of necessity inflame his love for the one and his horror for the other, and thus at once add depth to his devotion, and ardor to his zeal for the conversion of the perishing crowd around him. Such was the effect produced upon Mr. and Mrs. Boardman ; and in the pages of their journals and letters there appears the most convincing proof, that to them the joys of religion were constantly on the increase.

In October of this year Mr. Wade and wife, and Mr. Judson removed from Amherst, and joined Mr. B. at Maulmein. This removal was occasioned by the rapid decrease of population at Amherst, the inhabitants of which thronged into Maulmein. Before the close of the year two schools, one for children of each sex, were established, and two places of public worship erected. In these houses of worship Mr. Wade and Mr. Judson were daily employed in proclaiming religious truths and in circulating religious books and tracts. The schools were speedily filled, and the zayats crowded with listeners.

Two of Mr. Boardman's pupils were children of a Burman woman who had died a Christian. He was gratified to perceive that the mother had early and thoroughly taught them Bible truths, and that they were familiar with the narrative and doctrine of the sacred volume. The following is a translation of a letter dictated by one of them in January, 1828 :

“Believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, I daily, without ceasing, offer up prayers. I pray continually that the blessed religion of the Lord Jesus Christ may be established. I am reading the Gospel of Matthew, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, and am studying a tract. I have great respect and love for my benefactors who live in America, and affectionately address them this letter.”

The labors of the missionaries were not unattended with success. Three of the natives became believers in Christianity and were baptised, within a few months; and several more requested admission into the little church; so that there was much reason to rejoice that the mission had been fixed in Maulmein.

On the 8th of March, 1828, our friends were threatened with destruction by a danger not altogether unknown in some portions of our own country. Just as they were lighting their evening lamps, they heard “the noise of a mighty rushing wind” approaching, and on going to the door discovered that the whole range of hills eastward was enveloped in flames, which, with the roaring sound of a hurricane, rapidly spread through the thick and dry grass and undergrowth of the jungle, toward their bamboo cottage. As the fire flew on the wings of the wind from point to point, it seemed that nothing could rescue the house from its fury; Mr. and Mrs. B. hastily packed up a few valuable articles and prepared to retreat from the devouring element. Their regret at being thus driven from their home was accompanied by a fear lest their path should be beset with the tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts, which were expelled from their usual haunts by the flames. The fire continued to advance till within a few feet of the houses, when providentially the wind ceased, and its progress was arrested. “Thus we are again preserved,” says Mr. B. “when no human arm could have saved us!” The feelings of a *husband* were on this occasion associated with the love of a *father*.

Twenty-one days after this occurrence Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were once more without a home, pilgrims and wanderers. In accordance with the plan of the Missionary Board at home, it was resolved that a new station should be established in the province of Tavoy. This province, which is one of those ceded to England at the close of the recent Burmese war, lies at the head of that peninsula, which separates the Bay of Bengal from the Gulf of Siam, north of the Malay country, and adjoining

the kingdom of Siam. The capital city of this province, which bears the same name, is situated in latitude  $13^{\circ} 4'$  north, on a low plain, almost surrounded by high mountains. To this city, which is one hundred and fifty miles eastward of Rangoon, it was deemed advisable to send Mr. Boardman: and as duty seemed to require his consent, he gave it cheerfully, although contrary to his most cherished plans.

He had hailed Maulmein as a home, and looked forward to a fixed residence therein with real pleasure. To his church and school there he had become strongly attached, and from his pupils and hearers he had reason to expect that many would become believers in Christianity. If it had been necessary for him to remove, and he had been permitted to select his own place of residence, he would have gone to Aracan, where labored and died that Mr. Colman, whose fate had first kindled in his breast a desire to go to India. But still he was ready to yield to the wish of others, and settle in Tavoy. That this submission cost him some effort, and was considerably opposed to his own previous desire, we infer from some singular precepts which he wrote and sent to a young friend in America. He says "Do not be disappointed or grieved if your brethren should pursue a course, in several respects different from what you should recommend!"

On his arrival with Mrs. Boardman and his infant daughter, at Tavoy, they were kindly received by Mr. Burney the commissioner for the Tavoy district; though their spirits seemed to have been somewhat affected by not knowing whether they were to spend their days in Tavoy, or wander still farther. "One thing is certain," says Mr. B. "we were brought here by the guidance of Providence. It was no favorite scheme of ours."

Within ten days from his arrival Mr. Boardman procured a house, was quietly settled, and had begun to preach in the language of Burmah to curious crowds of the worshippers of Guadama, many of whom manifested a very encouraging spirit of candor and inquiry.

Soon after Mr. Boardman was established in Tavoy, he was brought into connexion with the *Karens*, a singular and hitherto almost unknown race of men. Of this race we are induced to speak more particularly, inasmuch as recent inquiry seems to establish, or at least render extremely probable, its descent from a Hebrew root.

The Karens are a wild and ignorant race of men, scattered in prodigious numbers over all the wilds of Aracan, Burmah, Martaban, Tavoy, Mergui, Siam and other countries. They live in places almost inaccessible to any but themselves and the wild beasts,—differing most essentially from the other inhabitants of the abovenamed countries, with a peculiar physiognomy, a peculiar language, peculiar mental and moral qualities, and characteristics. They had no written language, and of course no literature, until Mr. Wade, one of the missionaries of the American Baptist Board, reduced their language to writing. But they abound in curious traditions, handed down from generation to generation, in the form of both prose and poetry. Amongst other traditional stories is this:—that when some superior being was dispensing written languages and books, to the various nations of the earth, a surly dog came along and drove away the Karens, and carried off their books. Because of their singular habits, their ignorance and want of written language, they are called *Wildmen* by the Burmans. Mr. Boardman supposed that they were atheists,—but incorrectly; for although we find among them few traces of religious belief, it is evident from the tradition just related, and from the discoveries of Mr. Mason, a missionary now amongst them, that they have a tolerably clear conception of a Supreme Being. They are not, however, idolaters. Their simplicity of life may be learned from the short inventory of the chattels and personal property, which constitute their domestic wealth. These are a box of betel made of bamboo,—a little rice, a basket, a cup, two pots, a spinning-wheel, a knife, an axe, a mat, a few buckets, and a moveable fire-place. This is their whole array of valuables. They manufacture an intoxicating liquor, and are much addicted to intemperance. Too idle and effeminate to be quarrelsome, they are peaceful and mild in their disposition and habits, and being persecuted and trampled on by their haughty neighbors, they are driven together by community of suffering, and attached by brotherhood in misfortune.

A more extended notice should be given to those circumstances, which have led to the conjecture that the Karens are of Jewish origin.

At the request of the English commissioner, Mr. Mason, who had been much amongst the Karens, communicated to him the following results of his observation and inquiry in regard to them. Their countenance is decidedly Jewish: the

beard is worn long by many of them, and their dress, differing from that of surrounding nations, is precisely like that of the Hebrews, both in texture, fashion and mode of wearing. But it is their remarkable traditions which most strikingly indicate an affinity with, if not a descent from, the Hebrew race.

These traditions have been preserved, like the poems of Ossian, by fond memories delighting to revive the recollections of former glory and prosperity;—repeated by grandsires at eventide to their listening descendants, and sung by mourners over the graves of their elders.

They believe in a God, who is denominated Kū-tsa, or great Lord,—and Yu-wah, or Jehovah. That this last word is identical with the Hebrew Jehovah seems very probable. We know not how the original word in Hebrew was pronounced. The Greek writers spelt it thus, ΙΑΩ. With the Masoretic pointing, and dropping the middle syllable, as Bishops Hare and Lowth both do, we have the Karen word Yu-wah. Like the Jews the Karens regard this word as sacred, and fear to utter it. They repeat a verse containing this sentiment:—

“God created us in ancient time,  
And has a perfect knowledge of all things:  
Call him not Yu-wah, but call him Pū;—(great ancestor;)  
*When men call his name he hears!”*

With regard to God’s attributes, their belief is thus expressed:—

“God is unchangeable and eternal:  
He was in the beginning of the world:  
The life of God is endless:  
A succession of words does not measure it.”

They believe in the existence of heavenly beings, who have never sinned, and who are the angels, or messengers, of Deity. The following beautiful verse is a part of one of their old poems:

“The sons of heaven are holy,  
They sit by the seat of God:  
The sons of heaven are righteous,  
They dwell together with God,  
They lean against his silver seat.”

*Satan*, or a sinful and fallen angel, enters into their company

of supernatural beings. The following stanza might be mistaken for the production of David, or Isaiah : —

“Satan in days of old was holy,  
But he transgressed God’s law :  
Satan of old was righteous,  
But he departed from the law of God,  
And God drove him away.”

Another of their traditional relics, in the prosaic form, is thus expressed : “Oh children and grand-children ! in the beginning God, to try man, whether he would or would not observe his commands, created the tree of death and the tree of life ; saying concerning the tree of death, ‘eat not of it!’ He wished to see whether man believed. Not believing, he ate of the fruit of the tree of death ; and the tree of life God hid. Because the tree of life has been hidden, men have died ever since that time.” The Karens say that Satan tempted woman to eat the forbidden fruit of the tree of death.

They also believe that woman was made from the rib of man. The dispersion at Babel is thus described : —

“Men were all brethren :  
They spoke the language of God :  
But they disbelieved the language of God,  
And became enemies to each other.  
Because they disbelieved God,  
Their language was divided :  
God gave them commands,  
But they believed him not,  
And divisions ensued :—”

and the ultimate fate of the earth, to which frequent allusions are made in their poetry, they say will be destruction by fire.

Their religious code embraces the following scriptural duties : — viz. love to God, prayer, repentance, abstinence from idolatry, honor to parents, which last is thus declared, —

“Respect and reverence your father and mother ; for when you were small they did not suffer so much as a moschetto to bite you. To sin against your parents is a heinous crime. —

It also includes love to others, — alms-giving, — universal benevolence, — love to enemies, — patience and humility : — and like the scripture, it forbids murder, robbery, theft, adultery, lying, profanity, idleness, covetousness, avarice, intemperance,

anger and revenge. The following precept seems to have been drawn fresh from the sermon of Christ on the mount : — “ Oh children and grand-children ! if a person strike you on the face, he does not strike you on the face ; he only strikes on the floor : therefore if a person strike you on one cheek, give him the other to strike.”

Respecting their own nation, the Karens say that God formerly loved it above all others, but that on account of its sins he punished it, and reduced its inhabitants to their present condition. “ But,” say they, “ God will again have mercy on us : God will save us again.” “ Oh children and grand-children ! the Karen will yet dwell in the city with the golden palace ; — the Karen king will yet appear, and when he arrives there will be happiness.

“ Good persons, the good,  
Shall go to the silver city :  
Righteous persons shall go  
To the new town, — the new city !”

“ When the Karen king arrives,  
There will be only one monarch :  
When the Karen king comes,  
Rich and poor will not exist !”

“ When the Karen king arrives,  
Every thing will be happy :  
When the Karen king arrives,  
*The beasts will be happy :*  
When Karens have a king,  
*Lions and leopards will lose their savageness !”*

Abundance of quotations from their unwritten literature might be made to illustrate the similarity which exists between the Karens and the Jews, and to show that they are a most remarkable race of men. But enough has been already laid before our readers, to excite curiosity and direct the attention of philosophic as well as religious inquirers to this hitherto unknown race.

Such being their character, condition, and religious notions, it cannot surprise us that when they heard of the religion of Jesus Christ from Mr. Boardman, they were ready to admire and embrace it. Immediately after his arrival in Tavoy he was visited by some of the neighboring Karen tribes, who were able



to converse in the Burman tongue, and who listened with the simplicity and candor of children to his conversation, and displayed so great a willingness to adopt Christianity, that he was led to question their sincerity. He could not readily believe that a people so barbarous, so far removed from all christian countries, and who seemed to him wholly irreligious, were sincerely gratified to learn the story of the Gospel, and adopt the religion of Jesus. To us, who now know more about them, it seems by no means strange that they were thus affected.

The few Karens who first called on Mr. B. soon returned to their mountain fastnesses, and circulated the thrilling news that a teacher, from a strange and far distant land, had come to preach a new religion, — a religion that told of one God, of a Saviour, of a pure and peaceful and holy life, of love to God and love to man; of an immortality, and of a heaven of blessedness. The glad tidings ran, like fire upon the mountains, from village to village, and was every where hailed as the dawning of a long expected day, — the day when the poor Karens should once more have a national faith, — a religion answering to the traditions of their fathers.

From far distant hills, and remote valleys and forests, Karen inquirers flocked to Tavoy, and thronging around *the teacher*, hung upon his lips, and eagerly listened to his instructions, and manifested child-like pleasure and credulity in receiving as true all his assertions. Mr. Boardman was amazed; — he knew not what to believe or think. They urged him to come up into their wild hills, and visit them; and promised that he should be welcomed as a messenger of joy. They told him many singular stories, and among others this; — that more than ten years before, a man in a strange dress came among them, and preached a strange doctrine, and left among them a book in a strange language, which he ordered them to worship, telling them also that there was but one living and true God. After he went away they remembered and believed his words; they appointed a priest to take charge of the sacred volume, of which they did not know even the language, and they continued, in defiance of severe persecution by the Burmans, to obey their unknown teacher, and worship the book and the one living and true God.

Mr. Boardman's curiosity was aroused: he requested them to bring and show to him this sacred book; and they readily promised to do so. Their compliance was delayed first by the

sickness of the person who acted as priest or guardian of the mysterious volume, and next by the floods which in the rainy season of the year completely cut off the city of Tavoy from the Karen villages. It was not till September that they succeeded in gratifying Mr. Boardman's wishes. Early in September, on returning home one day from his house of public worship, (zayat) he found his dwelling thronged with Karens, who informed him that the teacher had arrived with THE BOOK, the much venerated book. He called them up and inquired what they wished; — when the teacher came forward, and thus replied. — “*My Lord*, your humble servants have come from the wilderness to lay at your lordship's feet a certain book, and to inquire of your lordship whether it is good or bad, true or false. We, Karens, your humble servants, are an ignorant race of people; we have no books, no written language; we know nothing of God or his law. When this book was given us we were charged to worship it, which we have done for twelve years. But we know nothing of its contents, not so much as in what language it is written. We have heard of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and are persuaded of its truth, and we wish to know if this book contains the doctrine of that Gospel. We are persuaded that your lordship can easily settle that question, and teach us the true way of becoming happy.” Mr. B. requested them to show the book, when the old man opened a large basket, and having removed fold after fold of wrappers, he handed out an old tattered duodecimo volume; — it was an English copy of the *Prayer Book and Psalter*! For twelve years had this little work been made an object of ignorant worship.

The deified book, through the politeness of the Baptist Missionary Board, now lies before the writer of this article. It is covered with coarse, blue, cotton cloth, and wrapped about with a long strip of muslin, white, striped, and rudely embroidered. The volume has lost both its covers, and several of the outside pages at each end; but fortunately the title-page to the Psalms, towards the close, is in good preservation. The gilding of the leaves is only partially injured. It is a pleasing and singular fact that, in its present condition, the volume commences with the collect for *The Epiphany, or the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles*. The title-page to the Psalms reads thus: —

“The whole BOOK of PSALMS, collected into English Me-

tre, by THOMAS STERNHOLD, JOHN HOPKINS, and others; conferred with the Hebrew; set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning and evening prayer; and also before and after sermons; and moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort; laying apart all ungodly songs and ballads, which tend only to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth. OXFORD; &c. &c. MDCCCVI."

Within the leaves we find, in the writing of Mr. Boardman himself, the following short account. "This book of Common Prayer, with the Psalms, was, for about twelve years, an object of religious veneration, to a company of wild men (Karens) in the province of Tavoy. They knew nothing of its contents, — not even in what language it was composed, — but as they were taught by the person who gave it them, they paid it an ignorant but supreme worship, till, hearing of our arrival in Tavoy, they brought it forward and presented it to me, accepting in its stead a version of a part of the Psalms in the Burman language, which they partially understand. Some of them have since embraced the Gospel, and are desirous of being baptised. The book is now forwarded to America, to be deposited in the Museum of the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions.

*Tavoy, March 25th, 1829.*

It were vain to conjecture how this little book found its way into the heart of the Tavoy forest, where it was found, as never book before was seen, elevated into an object of religious adoration. But one cannot help wondering whether it was left with the Karens by a really pious Englishman, its owner, whose instructions were misunderstood, or by some profane scoffer, who was willing to try the experiment of furnishing a barbarous tribe with an object of sacred respect, and left his prayer-book as the first thing that came to hand for the purpose. We scarcely hope to see the mystery solved.

We are ahead of our story, to which we will now return. Mr. Boardman established a school immediately after his arrival in Tavoy, and pursued the same course of public teaching as at Maulmein, and, as at that place, so here also, he attracted great curiosity, and was resorted to by great numbers, until he became an object of suspicion to the priesthood. This nu-

merous body, which in Tavoy alone amounted to at least two hundred, soon found, like the shrine-makers of Ephesus, that the new religion was likely to make sad work with their ancient power, consideration and wealth; and *of course* could not avoid cherishing towards the teacher of it a spirit of enmity and revenge. We say *of course*, for the religion of Guadania or Boodh, does not teach its disciples to return benefit for injury, — good for evil. But however unpleasant might be the aspect of their angry countenances, and the sound of their unfriendly voices, no real and open danger could be apprehended from the priests under the sway of the British government; so that, although their timid disciples might, by the frowns of these ministers of iniquity, be frightened from Mr. Boardman's zayat, yet Mr. and Mrs. Boardman themselves had nothing to apprehend.

Soon after their arrival in Tavoy, a Karen, named Ko-thah-byoo, who had become a Christian in Maulmein, and removed with Mr. B., was baptized. Moved by the desire of extending to his countrymen in Tavoy the gospel-light, he started, immediately after his baptism, on an excursion among the distant Karen settlements; and with him went many joyful members of these rude tribes. Three excursions of this kind did he make, each one of longer duration than the last, before Mr. Boardman himself complied with the oft repeated request of the Karens to come himself among them. Roused by the strange message which was thus brought among them, these simple-hearted people travelled many days' journey to converse with the American Teacher, and on their return spread still more widely the moving story, so that, in more than one vast province of India, the Karens were excited to inquiry.

The year 1828 passed away, without Mr. Boardman's having yielded to the Karen call. Meantime he had been laboring day and night with a zeal of exhausting ardor, and a consuming industry. His labors had been crowned with the establishment of a native church, consisting of four members, and of a flourishing school. One of his baptismal scenes is so finely sketched by his pen, that we cannot deny our readers the pleasure of its perusal.

“ Having previously examined Moungh-Bo and Kee-Keang, the two persons who applied for baptism last month, we could not, consistently with our feelings of duty, defer their case any longer,

and this day has been fixed on for administering the ordinance. Accordingly, after worship, a little band of us, passing through that part of the town most sacred to Guadama, bent our way among Pagodas, temples, and Kyoungs, — alike unheeded and unheeding, — and entering the high Pagoda road, we passed on till we came to the baptismal tank. Near the tank, was a tall Pagoda, pointing its gilded summit to the skies. It being Burman as well as Christian worship day, the multitude were gathered around to pay their devotions to the gilded shrine. In that tank, under the shadow of that Pagoda, and in sight of their former companions, who now gazed with mingled astonishment and malice, the two young disciples solemnly renounced their vain idols, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ, by a public profession of his name. Oh ! it was a joyful and memorable occasion. Some of the heavenly host, I doubt not, gazed on the sight with approbation ; and he who promised to be in the midst of two or three assembled in his name, was, I trust, in the midst of us."

Mr. B. had devised an extensive and excellent plan of school instruction for the province of Tavoy, which now promises, in the hands of the Missionary Board, to become productive of abundant good. His labors had been rendered more arduous by the fact that the dialect of the Burmese, spoken in Tavoy, differed widely from that which he had previously learned at Calcutta and Maulmein, so that while teaching his scholars, preaching to his hearers, engaged in building *zayats* and houses, contriving plans of operation, performing the domestic duties of husband and parent, and corresponding with friends in America, he was obliged to prosecute the study of Tavoyan-Burmese.

These multiplied duties, pursued in that urgent spirit which characterized this good man, so wore upon his feeble system, that in December of this year, (1828) he was attacked with one of the most alarming symptoms of consumption, — a copious expectoration of blood. This circumstance was enough to remind Mr. Boardman that his tenure on life was feeble and uncertain, — but not enough to damp his zeal. He regarded it as a warning to "work while the day lasted."

On the 5th of February, 1829, he left his wife and family for the purpose of making his long projected visit to the Karens. He was accompanied by two Karens, two of the largest boys from his school, and a Malabar cook. They started at 9 o'clock, A. M. and travelled till 5 P. M., but proceeded only

eighteen miles. It was the hottest season of the year, — the road was a winding foot-path, traversing cultivated fields, and uncultivated hills and valleys, and thick, tangled, and lofty bamboo jungles. They suffered from the burning heat, and were completely drenched by an unexpected shower of rain, which overtook them in an uninhabited spot, and beat upon them furiously. They were obliged to encamp in the open wilderness, — where they were again wet through by a storm that lasted till midnight.

On the 6th they rose early, feeling grateful that they had not fallen a prey to the tigers, wild elephants, or other savage animals which haunt these forests. Their road this day lay over rough cliffs and precipices, across large streams, and along the rugged banks of mountain torrents. They slept in the hut of a hospitable Karen.

On the 7th they met messengers from a Karen village, who came out to receive them with a warm and christian-like hospitality, which cheered Mr. Boardman's heart. At three o'clock they reached the village, found a large house prepared for them, and were literally overwhelmed with presents of provisions and fruits. The faces of the villagers beamed with delight, and they exclaimed "ah, you have come *at last*; we have long wanted to see you!" Mr. Boardman, notwithstanding his fatigue, preached to the natives who assembled this evening, and again he delivered three sermons on the day following. On the 9th he delivered several sermons, and spent the day (Sunday) in a manner to himself most delightful. As he intended to depart early next morning, nearly half the congregation remained in the zayat all night, so as to bid him farewell.

On the 10th and 11th he preached in other villages, where, as before, he found attentive and eager listeners.

On the 12th he travelled through the most difficult paths under circumstances of great discomfort, and at night after going to bed, he was for the third time deluged with a rain so powerful that it penetrated the bamboo roof, and soaked through all his clothing, and drenched his baggage.

On the 13th he returned to Tavoy, — having travelled more than a hundred miles, and preached *seventeen* sermons within the space of nine days, besides being exposed to the fury of storms in unsheltered places. By this journey Mr. Boardman was convinced that his doubts

as to the sincerity of the Karen character were unjust. The hospitalities which he received, the joy created by his presence among the villagers, the earnest attention bestowed upon his preaching, were enough to satisfy him that the Karens were prepared to adopt his religion and become Christians.

On his return to Tavoy, his feelings were severely tried by discovering that some of the native members of his church had been guilty of gross misconduct, and were disgracing their profession. Family trouble was soon added to his afflictions, by the illness of his wife. In May, he was obliged by her feebleness of health to abandon his labors for a time for the purpose of giving her the benefit of a voyage. A fortnight's vacation restored her strength and spirits, and he returned to Tavoy.

In July, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were called upon to mourn the death of their eldest child. "Our anxieties about her," says the weeping father, "are now over; but Oh! how affection still clings to her, and often sets her ruddy, beautiful form before our eyes!" At the same time their only surviving child was apparently at the point of death, — so that, while laying Sarah in her grave, they trembled at the probability of soon depositing George by her side. But he was spared.

During this month, Mr. Boardman prepared a record of the various afflictions by which his soul had been tried within the year; these were three successive losses of property by shipwreck: the apostasy of several of his church: two attacks of hemorrhage on the lungs; the illness of his wife, the death of one child and the alarming illness of the other. "It grieves me," said he, "to think that I was so sinful as to need such afflictions!"

On Sunday morning, August 9th, our friends were roused from their sleep by the ringing of alarm bells, discharges of musketry, and the cries of their pupils, "master, teacher, Tavoy rebels." They rose in great alarm and found that the city was in open revolt, and bullets were whistling around their heads. The rebel forces soon compelled them to desert their house, which stood without the city gates, and to take refuge within the walls. The English forces were small and feeble, and under the pressure of an immense host of insurgents, every moment becoming more numerous and violent, they were obliged in a few hours to evacuate the city, and retreat to the wharf. To

this place, a wooden building of six rooms, were carried the arms and other military stores ; and therein were huddled all the sepoys with their baggage, and hundreds of European women and children, all looking for protection to the English. In these narrow quarters, surrounded by casks of gunpowder, which were exposed to constant danger of explosion, — cut off from all communication with any other place, — poorly furnished with provisions, and exhausted by fatigue and the diseases of the rainy season, the wretched Europeans awaited their approaching fate. Meantime the work of destruction went rapidly forward in the city, and fire and sword made terrible havoc. On Thursday morning an assault was made at day-break upon the wharf, by a party of five hundred insurgents, who set fire to several neighboring houses and vessels. Providentially a violent rain prevented the spread of the flames ; and still more fortunately, a British steamer hove in sight, bringing succor to the desponding garrison at the wharf. The steam vessel, after taking the females on board, returned for reinforcements to Maulmein. On Saturday an attack was made upon the town by the British, and the walls again brought into their possession. On Sunday the city was completely restored to quiet, and the European inhabitants freed from all danger. Mr. Boardman describes the scene presented on his return within the walls, as one of utter and awful havoc and desolation. Everything destructible had been destroyed. His own house was “cut to pieces,” its contents burnt, or broken, or carried off, — and nothing but a few fragments left to indicate its fate. But his wife and child were safe at Maulmein ; his own life was preserved, and none of his church or scholars had been concerned in, or injured by, the insurrection ; — his strongest feeling, therefore, was *gratitude*. In about a month he and his family were once more at Tavoy, as though nothing had occurred.

To increase that pleasure which he had derived from a short visit at Maulmein with Messrs. Judson and Wade, he now found that his fate had been an object of intense interest to the Karens, and that his safety was a subject of devout thankfulness. These “wild-men” flocked around him from the remotest corners of Tavoy, in great numbers ; and one old man of threescore and five years had traversed mountains, rocks, hills and streams, a distance of fifty miles, to solicit baptism.

Encouraged by increasing attention among the natives, he now



commenced a course of itinerary preaching in the scattered villages of Tavoy; visiting three or four of these villages each week, and teaching both publicly and from house to house. It is impossible for us to form adequate notions of the arduousness of this mode of labor, in the burning climate of India. Within two months he visited nearly thirty villages in this manner, being almost universally received willingly and with pleasure, though sometimes treated with unkindness. The Karen village Ts'heik-koo, the one in which he first preached in February, became wholly Christian in its character, paying a sacred regard to the Sabbath, and in other respects conforming to Christian customs and institutions. The schools became more full and flourishing than ever, — the church increased in numbers, and a delightful prosperity seemed destined to follow the short reign of confusion and danger.

Early in 1830, Mr. Boardman's constitution began rapidly to break down under his enormous burden of care and labor; — and the voice of approaching death was heard in his consumptive cough. Mrs. Boardman was also reduced to the very point of death by disease, and the whole system of Missionary operations was for several weeks suspended, while Mr. B. attended, as he thought, to the wants of his dying wife. "What will become of my child," thought he; "what will become of the schools, of the poor native women, — and what will become of *me*, if she die?" On her recovery his thankfulness knew no bounds; — his letters are eloquent in their utterance of joy and praise.

There are but few incidents to relate as occurring within the year 1830. Mrs. Boardman's health compelled her to leave Tavoy and go to Maulmein, where she and her husband were once more obliged to mourn over the death of a child, — an infant son. Mr. B. made a third and long excursion among the Karens, on the hill of Tavoy, where the Gospel was hailed as indeed glad tidings. By advice of his missionary brethren, he passed a few months in Maulmein; — but, their plan not being carried into full effect, he returned to the Tavoy station. At the close of the year, the Tavoy church included thirty-one native members, — of whom eighteen Karens were baptized at once, in November. Mr. Boardman's health was now wretchedly bad, — and it was manifest to all, that he had but a brief period of labor or of life before him. But his heart

beat joyfully even in prospect of death, — and his spirits rose in anticipation of his heavenly rest.

The last record which has reached America, in Mr. Boardman's hand-writing, is dated January 1, 1831, and is an entry in his Journal. It announces the expected addition of one or two missionaries to the Tavoy station, — and of several Karens to the church.

On the 23d of January, Rev. Mr. Mason and wife arrived at Tavoy, from America. They arrived in time to accompany Mr. Boardman in his last tour among the Karens, and to witness his death.

Mr. Mason perceived on his arrival, that Boardman was "a dying man," but as his heart was fixed on visiting the Karen villages once more, no objection was made to the journey, — although he was too much debilitated to walk. He was carried by his faithful Karens on a cot-bed the whole distance of a three days' journey, accompanied by Mr. Mason, and by his own affectionate wife, who would not remain behind. The journey was commenced on the 31st of January.

On arriving at the *zayat*, which had been prepared for his reception, the Karen converts who were anxious to be baptized came in for examination, and the worthy missionary, reclining on his couch, devoted his failing breath to the agreeable duty. Of more than fifty who applied, thirty-four were deemed fit subjects of baptism. When the hour for performing this ceremony arrived, Mr. Boardman, at his own request, was carried to the water-side, though so weak that he could scarcely breathe without the use of the fan and smelling-bottle. His great desire was to behold the administration of the ordinance, — and he said that he could then die with the exclamation of Simeon on his lips, — "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" His emotions were almost too powerful for his frame. He afterwards addressed a few words to the natives around him, and offered a short prayer. The party attempted the following day to return; — they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain; — the dying man was again drenched with wet among those hills, where he had so often before been exposed to tempest; — he survived the night, but died at noon of February 12th, in the arms of the Karen attendants, who were bearing him homeward. The sorrow of wife and friends, who shall describe? The hand of God was recognised even through the cloud of death, and the grief of those who la-

mented the removal of a faithful servant in the midst of his labors, was assuaged by the reflection, that he had "entered into the joy of his Lord."

The whole Christian world were Boardman's mourners. The whole Karen nation wept bitterly over his grave. The station at Tavoy is now occupied by faithful Missionaries, — and the blessings of Christianity are rapidly spreading over that province; — but Boardman is still unforgotten; — *his* name, who first preached salvation to the poor *wildmen*, is now whispered by hundreds of grateful voices at the eventide circle of friends, and at the altar of simple and pure devotion.

We must close our long article somewhat abruptly, by a recommendation of the biography to the perusal of our readers, who will find it full of interest, and free from any display of narrow or sectarian feeling. The following Epitaph is intended to be inscribed on Boardman's tomb.

Sacred to the memory of George D. Boardman, American Missionary to Burmah. Born Feb. 8, 1801, — Died Feb. 11, 1831. *His Epitaph is written in the adjoining forests.* Ask in the Christian villages of yonder mountains — who taught you to abandon the worship of demons? — Who raised you from vice to morality? — Who brought you your Bibles, your Sabbaths, and your words of prayer? Let the reply be his Eulogy! *a cruce corona.*

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#### ART. V. — National Gallery.

*The National Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans, conducted by James Herring, New-York, and James B. Longacre, Philadelphia. New-York.*

AMONG the various expressions by which the predominating spirit of the times, especially as developed in this country, has been described, one of the happiest is that which denominates it "the age of commemoration." For some time past a disposition has been manifested, in almost every section of the Union, to recover and to record every thing, which might be regarded